# Monſieur *THING*'s ORIGIN.

*This* THING *can boaſt it's of no Party Cauſe,*
*Whether it meets, or meets not with Applauſe.*

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(Price Sixpence.)

# Monsieur THING's

# ORIGIN.

TO THE

# Gentle Reader.

THE Name of this ſmall Poem at its firſt Appearance, might raiſe the Expectation of the Publick to think that I ought to make an Apology by way of Preface. Since I think the Reaſon not ſo great, or the Neceſſity to require it, I ſhall ſpeak but little in behalf of it in reſpect to ſuch Senſe, and ſhall only content my ſelf with the Thought, *The Evil reaches only them that think ſo.* So this can't be taken amiſs by only thoſe of the Sex who chuſe the Thing I'm about to

treat of, as their Greateſt Friend. As for that ſmall Number of the Sex who are ſo hugg'd with his Merit, all Mankind they've an Averſion to: And as I never was in the Eſteem of ſuch who practiſe it, I now think don't deſerve, nor do I ever expect or deſire it. And my Opinion is, That thoſe Prodigies of Nature, who ſeem ſo immoderately diſpleas'd at the Contrivance of the Creation, that they can't enjoy the Pleaſure deſign'd, without preferring Art before Nature; theſe ſort ought to be as Deteſtable to others of the Fair Sex, as thoſe among the Men, who are guilty of Crimes as Enormous, are to other Men.

I muſt confeſs, that I have as great a Veneration for the Female Sex in general, as any one has; but as there is no General Rule without Exception, I beg leave to ſay, The Correſpondents with *Seignior* are my only one.

In

In the ſight of Virtue, the ſoft Enjoyments of *Venus* ſeem to be a Vice: But I pity the Sex, who meet with Inſults in ſuch a Courſe of Life, rather than condemn 'em; becauſe ſometimes the Indifferency of the Circumſtances of ſome, might impoſe upon 'em the Neceſſity of taking up ſuch Calling for their Maintenance, in way of Life. Others being croſs'd in their Affections for the Perſons who perhaps they would have enter'd on the Stage of Marriage with: Only they might have met with Diſappointments from their Parents, or otherwiſe; and then choſe rather to live a ſingle Life, than to live a miſerable marry'd one with a Perſon that pleas'd thoſe that choſe 'em, better perhaps than the Party they were choſen for.

And theſe being as much indebted to Nature for Inclinations, as others, I think it a Hardſhip they ſhould be debarr'd

barr'd from Pleaſures; eſpecially provided they deal Honourably and with Precaution. Theſe I think the leaſt Guilty of all, Human Nature being ſo unhappily ſubject to Frailty.

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Mon-

# Monſieur *THING*'s Origin:

OR,

## *Seignior* D—O's *Adventures in* Britain.

ASTRÆA's kind, who taught me how to chuſe
This Comick Theſis, for my preſent Muſe.
Whoe'er they be, that do deſire to trace
His *Pedigree*, it's of the *Gallick* Race:
Some ſay it was the Dutcheſs *Mazarine*
Was firſt Contriver of this Fine Machine;

From

From *Italy* it was that firſt it came,
And from that Country it had firſt its Name:
But if my Information is but true,
A Place it came from nearer to our View.
To *France* He owes his Birth or firſt Extraction,
By Doctors there he had his firſt Creation,
And is Originally of that Nation.
Experienc'd *Æſculapians* did deſign
Him for the Uſe of Infants Feminine,
Until they were fit to be put to Nurſes
Of Males, moſt proper for to ſteer their Courſes.
He firſt was made, to put a Help to Nature,
But Art of Nature now has got the better:

His

His firſt Progeny, and deſign'd Deſcent,
Was to relieve the *Poor* and *Innocent*;
But now converted to a WORSE INTENT.

Satyr be Kind, and be not too Severe,
But lightly ſpeak of SEIGNIOR's Character:
Then once take Wing, and ſoar o'er *Albion*'s Iſle,
To ſee how Virtue there ſeems in Exile,
And view how *D---o* Females there beguile.
Behold Kind Virtue weeping from on high,
Tears dropping from her, as from Gloomy Sky,
With Eyes dejected, on the Iſles of *Britain*
Bare-face'd cou'd not behold, but with a Mask on:

Learing ſhe gazes from her Airy Manſions,
Bluſhes to ſee *ſtrange introduc'd Inventions.*

When SEIGNIOR firſt at *London* did arrive,
Was put to ſhifts to know how to contrive,
Or find a Place where's Family ſhou'd live.

At length all day after they had been trudging,
Tire'd with Fatigue, in ſeeking of a Lodging,
Were ſhew'd a TOY-SHOP, nigh to *Covent-Garden.*

Where for ſome time they liv'd in private Room,
But ſoon became unto the Publick known,

Becauſe

Becauſe his Qualities were really ſuch,
Cou'd with ſmall Help *do Little* or *do Much*:
For his Capacity, made *Denizen*,
'Twas thus *Monſieur* became an *Engliſhman*.
Before 'twas long, the Number did increaſe,
So the laſt Brood were to chuſe a new Place,
That he ſhould not be taken for a Clown,
A Station choſe, in Middle of the Town,
In Toy-Shop Large, and nigh unto a Church,
In *Fleetſtreet* did this Lovely Creature perch.

Altho' he is not like to Owl or Batt,
He's Downy, Smooth, and Soft as any Ratt:

And tho' he is no Bird of Paradiſe,
Can do the *Lady's Buſineſs* in a Trice:
He's often by 'em ſo careſs'd and fondl'd,
No Child by them was e'er ſo dearly dandl'd;
Or e'er Poor THING made uſe or better handl'd.

The Engine does come up ſo near to Nature,
Can ſpout ſo pleaſing, betwixt Wind and Water,
Warm Milk, or any other Liquid ſofter,
Slow as they pleaſe, or, if they pleaſe, much faſter.

In little time *Monſieur* came to be known,
Then ſoon was viſited by ev'ry one:

It was the Darling of their great Deſire
To ſee our Foreigner, in his Attire;
As it's Polite, to viſit out of hand
A Stranger new come from a Foreign Land.

No ſooner *Monſieur* grew to be of Fame,
But as ſoon was receiv'd by City Dame:
The Serpent ſooner did not beguile *Eve*,
Than the Kind Sex blind SEIGNIOR did receive.

They brought him quick to truckle to their Bow,
To feel what hidden Treaſures they'd below:

Then

Then afterwards they taught him to aſcend
Towards a Port, where Pleaſures did portend:
When they had brought him ſo near *Happineſs*,
They forc'd him in the Summit of their *Bliſs*;
And after they had taſted, made a Drudge
Worſe than a Waterman, who wears a Badge,
Or Ticket-Porter in the Street that plies,
Burthen'd with Loads, is in no worſe Diſguiſe,
Than to their Luſt he is a Sacrifice.

By this time his good Qualities were known,
And much became belov'd by moſt of 'em:

A Merchant's Wife prevail'd on him to ſit,
His *Picture* coveted, to pleaſe her Wit.
So *Monſieur* choſe to be picted on Glaſs:
How you would laugh, to ſee how like a Ta---e,
And Ladies ſmile, as they did by it paſs.
This greatly did explain their kind Good Humour,
From the Reſpect they paid unto his Honour;
For not a Soul of them, as they paſt by,
But at the Picture they wou'd caſt an Eye.

Soon after this, he lodg'd in Merchant's Houſe,
And did make Friends between him and his Spouſe:

He

He undertook the Merchant's Wife to pleaſe,
Then the old doated Fool liv'd at his Eaſe ;
All that ſhe wanted, was to pleaſe her Creature,
It was ſo brimming full of her *Good Nature.*
Our SEIGNIOR's Duty was no ſooner done,
Than the *Laſcivious Heart* of Her he'd won.
She boldly work'd him up unto an Oil,
So did ſhe make the Creature ſlave and toil ;
She wrought him till he was juſt out of breath,
And harraſt SEIGNIOR almoſt unto Death ;
Until he was forc'd to chuſe a new Place,
To alter ſomewhat of his Slaviſh Caſe.

Then

Then he remov'd, to lodge with an old Maid;
No ſooner came, her Virtue was betray'd:
So ſoon as he had popt but up his Head,
Her Modeſty was vaniſh'd, and quite fled.
As ſoon as *Monſieur* had kiſs'd wrinkl'd *Nancy*,
He ſo did tickle, and pleaſe *Trulla*'s Fancy,
That pleas'd her Thoughts at the firſt very Touch,
Her Inclinations he'd gain'd very much:
Tire'd with Old Hagg, he went away by ſtealth,
He took his flight, and left her by herſelf.

Clear as *Monſieur* was, and free to range,
His Tour he took towards the *Great Exchange*;

Ingratiated himſelf into the Favour
Of Milliners, by 's Complaiſant Behaviour:
He pitch'd his Tent between two Partners,
Indeed he took them not for to be Whores;
But like two Cows a playing in a Field,
While the one rid, the other ſeem'd to yield:
This was it ſelf compleat Encouragement,
To ſhew what they'd be at, and their Intent
Fully explain'd what it was that they meant.

One of theſe Girls ty'd *Monſieur* to her Middle,
To try if ſhe the Secret could unriddle:

She acted Man, being in a merry Mood,
Striving to pleaſe her Partner as ſhe cou'd ;
And thus they took it in their turns to pleaſe
Their Luſtful Inclinations to appeaſe,
Until *Monſieur* was almoſt ſuffocated
With that, of all things, that at laſt he hated.
So did he leave theſe Vile and Luſtful Elves,
To run the Friſk together by themſelves.

*Monſieur* by chance came in a Chriſtening Room,
Where he had like to have receiv'd his Doom :
The Midwife bellowing, open mouth'd ſhe cry'd,
*If you're encourag'd, Villain, we're deſtroy'd* :

The Bedſtaff took, and in her furious Whim,
With all her force deſign'd to fling at him.
The Parſon preſent, in this angry Rage
He interpos'd, her Paſſion to aſſwage,
As likewiſe he did that of furious Nurſe's
Whoſe Mouth was open'd, nothing but for Curſes.
But all agreed to turn immediately
Poor SEIGNIOR out, as common Enemy.
From hence *Monſieur* took moving to the Court,
To ſee what Paſtime there was, or what Sport:
So came he to the Hand of Lady's Maid,
With whom ſome little time our *Monſieur* ſtay'd,
She like Cade Lamb was pleas'd, with *Monſieur* play'd.

No

No ſooner had ſhe taſted of his Favour,
But ſhe embrac'd the Sweetneſs of his Savour;
To him alone ſhe ſhew'd her good Behaviour.

By this time *Monſieur* having thus infus'd
His Friendſhip in the Maid, ſhe introduc'd
Him to her kind Miſtreſs's firſt Acquaintance,
As a fine Thing of noted Worth and Senſe:
So that the Lady was to make a Tryal
Of *Monſieur*'s Skill, which was without denyal
The beſt, moſt pleaſing thing as e'er ſhe felt,
Ever ſince ſhe near to the Court had dwelt.

If e'er you ſee a Proud Ambitious Citt,
And ſhe pretend to triumph as a Wit;
You may be ſure that SEIGNIOR is her Friend,
On him alone ſhe only does depend.

Or e'er you meet a Proud and Scornful Maid,
And ſhe but feign that Virtue is her Trade;
Then be aſſur'd, the Jilt is ſuch a one,
Who ſhares of *Seignior*'s Smile, and not his Frown,
And does make uſe of him to pleaſe her own:
Yet it's in Womens Nature to be Civil,
If they're not inſtigated by the Devil,
Or in the way, *Monſieur* he is the Rival.

No doubt but this Uncouth contriv'd New Faſhion
Was to deſtroy the End of the Creation;
Like that foul Sin which is as bad in Men,
For which God did the Eaſtern World condemn.

*FINIS.*

*Enter'd in the Hall-Book, according to Act of Parliament.*

No doubt but this Uncouth contriv'd New Fashion

was to destroy the End of the Creation;

the true foul Sin which is as bad in Men,

for which God did the Eastern World condemn.

F I N I S.

Printed in the Half-Deck, according to Act of Parliament.